

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion (United Nations 1994).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of children in the 1990s. The United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) has been instrumental in this regard, and has produced a series of reports on the state of the world's children (UNICEF 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993). The 1990 report, *State of the World's Children*, was the first to include a chapter on children's rights. This chapter was based on the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child (UNCRC), which was adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in 1989.

The UNCRC is a landmark document in the history of children's rights. It is the first time that the rights of children have been set out in a single, comprehensive document. The UNCRC is a legally binding treaty, and it has been ratified by 112 countries. The UNCRC is a landmark document in the history of children's rights. It is the first time that the rights of children have been set out in a single, comprehensive document. The UNCRC is a legally binding treaty, and it has been ratified by 112 countries.

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THE
EXILE'S RETURN:
OR
NARRATIVE
OF
SAMUEL SNOW,
WHO WAS
BANISHED TO VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,
FOR
PARTICIPATING IN THE PATRIOT WAR
IN UPPER CANADA,
IN 1838.

CLEVELAND: .

PRINTED BY SMEAD & COWLES, CENTRAL BUILDINGS.
1846.

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THE

EXILES RETURN

NARRATIVE

SAMUEL S. NOW

COPY RIGHT SECURED.

DANISHED TO VAN DIEM LAND

FOR

PARTICIPATING IN THE PASTORAL

IN UPPER CANADA

BY 1888

CLEVELAND

PRINTED BY HENRY & COMPANY, 100 N. 10TH ST.

1888

NARRATIVE.

In briefly narrating some of the events which have transpired during the last eight years of my life, I shall not enter into a history of the causes of the disturbances that occurred on our northern frontier, and in the Canadian provinces, a few years ago, for that has already been the task of abler historians; and shall merely remark, that I entered the Patriot service with the best of motives, only wishing that our Canadian neighbors might, in the end, enjoy the same civil, religious, and political freedom, with which the citizens of the United States were blest.

Myself and neighbors who engaged in the enterprise, were greatly excited by the outrages which had been committed on the persons and property of the citizens of the United States along the line, and I had for several years listened with a good deal of interest, to the tales of oppression and tyranny, from our Canadian brethren. As long ago as 1835 or 6, I listened to an appeal from Dr. Duncomb, in the court house in Cleveland, in which we were informed that LIBERTY—the inestimable birthright of man—was unknown on the other side of Lake Erie, and that their political grievances were innumerable.

My feelings of sympathy being aroused by such stories of oppression, I left my home in the latter part of November, 1838, in Strongsville, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, and proceeded to join the Patriots, at their place of rendezvous, above Detroit, in Michigan. On reaching this place, we were addressed by Gen. Putnam, our commander, who informed us that the Canadians were ready and anxious, with arms, ammunition and provisions, to join our standard when it should be erected on their shores; but these hopes proved delusive: not a Canadian met us on our arrival save a few who joined us in Michigan, and some of these turned traitors soon after.

Early on the morning of December, 4th, 1838, our whole number crossed to Windsor, being one hundred and sixty four of us, including our officers. Among the latter were Generals Bierce and Putnam and Cols. Harvell and Scott. We went over on a steamboat obtained the night before. Upon landing, we attacked

the British barracks, carried them by storm after a short but spirited resistance, and then burnt them. In this, our first performance on British soil, we had occasion to rejoice; thirty or forty prisoners fell into our hands, and some sixty or eighty stands of arms.

We now took marching orders for Sandwich. Before leaving for the latter place, however, we burned a steam boat in commemoration of the ill-fated Caroline. Col. Harvell shot one of our own men at the barracks, mistaking him for a British regular from the red overcoat he had on. I have since been informed that he was but slightly wounded, and returned home in safety. On the way to Sandwich our party held sacred the property of the inhabitants; it was not in a single instance violated, to my knowledge. We arrived at an orchard and halted, when we soon discovered about four hundred regulars and militia approaching us, and were soon convinced of the manner in which they intended to make our acquaintance. After the exchange of a few shots we were ordered by our commander to retreat to a wood near by. In this short action, and in our retreat, several of our men were killed and wounded; the exact number I never knew, but among the former was Gen. Putnam and Col. Harwell. I saw Gen. Putnam when he fell.

Some of our party being killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and others having fled in different directions, so few of us reached the woods that it was considered presumption for us to attempt any thing further. Mr. Whitaker, who went from my neighborhood, and another young man who reached the woods with us, were both wounded in the skirmish. We brought into requisition the little surgical skill we were possessed of, in dressing their wounds, and recommended them to go to a house a short distance off, and ask for protection, with which advice they reluctantly complied. They were soon after found by their pursuers, taken to Sandwich, had their wounds healed, tried, and sentenced to be hung; but were finally pardoned on the day appointed for their execution, and returned in safety to their homes.

Myself and a number of my comrades, wandered in the woods the remainder of that unfortunate day, and at night, cold weary and hungry, we built a fire and lay down to rest. Some time in the night, when all was silent, and the fire nearly extinguished, a flash of light was seen, followed by a loud report, which brought every man of us from our horizontal posture, with the dexterity of minute men. We at first supposed we had been fired upon by Indians, skulking in the tops of fallen trees; but the true cause of our alarm was soon ascertained. One of our party, who had a large quantity of powder in his pocket, had taken quarters too near the fire, and from some cause these incompatibles were brought in contact, and the noise ensued. This circumstance convinced us fully that "gunpowder will explode." Our comrade's

trusty pocket, as might be readily supposed, was soon emptied of its contents, and his person, as well as the adjacent parts of his wardrobe, showed that "villainous saltpetre must be kept cool." We left our friend in the morning, at the house of a Frenchman, and continued our route. Myself and two others took to the ice on St. Clair river, and after travelling all day, found supper and lodging at the house of a man whose name I have since forgotten. In the morning we continued up the St. Clair; passed a Camp of Indians who offered us no molestation; and towards night came to Baubee's ferry. The ferryman had received instructions to take no one across the river, who had not a pass from the Captain of the guard. We went boldly to the captain, and requested permission of him to cross over, but were told that in consequence of the late disturbance at Sandwich, he should be under the necessity of detaining us, and sending us back; and if we were not recognized as belonging to the Patriot service, we could then cross the river.

We were soon started off, and on our way we fell in with several of our party on their way to Chatham. Upon our arrival at this place, we were brought before a magistrate for examination. It was now night; no witnesses appeared against us, and after the slight examination was over, we were sent across the river to the guard house for safe keeping. A squad of soldiers were placed over us that night, who seemed very much interested in our behalf and WHEREABOUTS, till morning.

In the evening we were visited by a party of Indians, at the guard room. They asked one of our party, named Albert Clark, where he came from. Clark answered, "from Cleveland." "Oh, from Cleveland," replied an old Indian. "what for you come here?" "To buy land." "Good land on Cuyahoga—me been there." "Yes," replied our friend, "but land is very dear on the Cuyahoga." "Yes, yes, but you be one very pretty man; me sorry you come over here," (patting his hand on Clark's head.)

We slept but little that night, for we could overhear the guard conversing about the affair at Windsor and Sandwich, and learned that quite a number of prisoners had been shot by order of Col. Prince, and that five more were to be disposed of in the same summary manner, in the morning. This, we supposed, had reference to ourselves; but instead of being shot when morning came, we were remanded again before the magistrate, to undergo another examination; here we found several more of our party: two of them were sick, and one of them, by the name of Sydney Barber, from Michigan, had received a wound in his retreat to the woods. This Barber, together with one McDougal and Geo. Putnam, had now become Queen's witnesses, to save their own necks from the halter. This did not look to me like administering equal and exact justice to all; but I could take no exception to the proceedings.

Fourteen of us were now escorted up to London, by a guard of soldiers; of twice our number, it being understood that those on the sick list were to be brought on in sleighs. Soon after our arrival we were partially examined before a justice of the peace, and then sent to be tried by court martial. Three, four, and half a dozen at a time, were called up before the judge advocate, where the witnesses for the crown, were waiting to convict whom they pleased. The prisoners were not permitted to interrogate the witnesses, but the questions we wished to ask must be given to the judge, and he would put them to the witnesses in the shape that suited him best.

At the trial, three of the prisoners concluded they would not, to save their own lives, become Queen's evidence, but would try their luck by "becoming fools," and two of the number succeeded well. The first was an old man; he could be crazy or have fits just when he pleased, and he received the benefit of this gift by being acquitted on account of his insanity. *Non compos mentus* cleared the second one, but he came near being convicted for being too much of a fool. The third one appeared so dirty, greasy, ragged and hungry, that the benevolent judge advocate no doubt thought it would be a blessing to him to be sentenced, and acted accordingly.

After the trials were concluded, they commenced picking out the fat sheep for hanging. Those who had held military office in the Patriot service come under this head, and were publicly executed. The names of those hung at this time were Hiram B. Lynn of Michigan; Daniel D. Bedford, Colonel Cunningham and Gilman G. Doane, Canadians; and Albert Clarke and Amos Perley, of Cleveland.

On the first of April, 1839, eighteen of us in number were started for Toronto in wagons, where we arrived about the sixth or seventh of the same month. We remained in Toronto about two months, and during this time our fare was not of that sort to make us feel gouty, or look aldermanlike. It consisted of one and a half pounds of bread and one quart of pea soup *PER DIEM*, and we were credibly informed that the relative proportion of ingredients used in manufacturing the soup, was three peas to a quart of water.

From Toronto we were taken to Fort Henry at Kingston, where we found the Prescott prisoners, who were taken at the Wind Mill on the 16th of November, 1838. It is well known that Van Shultz, and Cols. Abbey and Woodruff, who were the principal officers taken at the Wind Mill, were hung at Kingston in December, 1838. These brave men were deserving of a better fate.

Van Shultz was a Polish exile, and at the time of his death was thirty-one years of age. He had distinguished himself, in 1830, in fighting against Russia, and in defence of his own

unfortunate and down-trodden country—was about to be married to an American lady at Salina, N. Y., and was beloved by every person who knew him.

Col. Dorephus Abbey was a native of Connecticut—by profession a printer—was in good circumstances; and his only object in entering the Patriot service was to give liberty to an oppressed people.

Col. Martin Woodruff was deputy sheriff of Onondaga county, N. Y. The tragedy of his execution is thus described by the editor of the Kingston Spectator:—"This gallant soldier was brought from Fort Henry upon a carter's rough train, attended by two priests, escorted by a party of volunteer cavalry to the jail, and soon after to the door leading to the scaffold, when the sheriff read Arthur's warrant to execute him. He was then placed on the platform, the cap pulled over his face, and the hangman placed the rope to a hook in the beam over his head. The platform fell, and presented a revolting, disgusting and disgraceful scene. The knot, instead of drawing tight under his ear, was brought to the chin; it did not slip, but left space enough to put a hand within; the chief weight of the body bearing upon the rope at the back of the neck. The body was in great agitation, and seemed to suffer greatly. The spectators said it was a shameful management, when two hangmen came out, endeavored to strangle the sufferer, and not having succeeded, they returned again to their disgusting work. His neck was not broken till the hangman on the cross-tree had pulled him up by the collar, and let him fall four times in succession."

After our arrival at Fort Henry, our fare was better than at Toronto. We were permitted to go out and play ball once a day for exercise, but strictly watched all the while by British regulars, "armed and equipped as the law directs." We remained prisoners at Kingston till September, 1839, when a company of eighty-two of us were sent to Quebec, and put on board the English ship Buffalo, Captain Wood, and on the 28th of that month, weighed anchor, and set sail down the St. Lawrence without knowing the place of our destination. When we went on board the ship, we found here fifty-eight French prisoners from Lower Canada, placed here for the same offence which we had committed, and like ourselves bound to parts unknown. This increased our Patriot force to one hundred and forty, a number sufficient to have done a good business in a good cause, under auspicious circumstances, had the "area of our freedom" been extended, instead of abridged. These French prisoners informed us, that they had undergone a sham examination before a court martial, and like the rest of us, had received no sentence, which left us in the dark as to the enormity of our crimes, and the penalty which we were doomed to suffer. They being arrested in their own country, amongst their relatives and friends, were permitted to bring

aboard their trunks, chests, clothing and money with them, which made their condition tolerable, in comparison with ours, who were deprived of all these necessities.

We were now fast leaving the shores of Canada, without a single wish to remain longer under the tyrannical government of Sir George Arthur; but when the thoughts of father, mother, wife and children, together with "the land of the free and the home of the brave," came over us, our feelings could not be easily suppressed. Our fate was hid in the dark future, and even hope was little inclined to flatter us, that we should ever return to our native land. Truly we could now say to our country,

We part with thee,
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.

In a few days we passed out of the St. Lawrence into the broad Atlantic, and soon found we were going south, which convinced us that we were not bound to England. Some of our party suffered much during the first few weeks of our voyage, from sea-sickness. But one of our number died at sea; Asa Puest was relieved of future sufferings by death, a few weeks after leaving Quebec, and was thrown overboard.

During the voyage we were kept upon the lower deck, with the exception of being allowed once a day to go above for a short time for exercise. This indulgence was not allowed to all at the same time. Generally four messes, of twelve men each, were ordered up at a time. After we had traversed the length of the deck a few times, looked out upon the broad ocean, and inhaled a few doses of fresh air, we were again remanded below, and others who were awaiting the privilege, took our places. Our rations on board the Buffalo were similar to our fare at Toronto—"rather small and not many of them." If I rightly remember, the orders given to the commissary in the distribution of our fodder was, FOUR UPON TWO, that is, four of us OUGHT to have what two of the marines DID have; but instead of these directions being strictly adhered to, I am sure that on many occasions, a whole BRIGADE UPON ONE, would have been nearer the fact. Not that the gift of an English marine is better than ours, in discussing the important subject of PORK AND BEANS, but at this time their privileges were more exclusive.

Thus time wore slowly away, as we week after week were making to some unknown port, and at times could almost rejoice at our ignorance. We had no irons upon us on ship board, Captain Wood being satisfied, at the time of our first introduction to him at Quebec, that we were not very bad men, and the only restraint laid upon us on our outward passage was that of MORAL SUASION, enforced at the POINT OF THE BAYONET.

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One day while we were off the American coast, two of our party were conversing together, and were overheard to say, "How easily this ship might be taken by us, if we were all agreed, and that too without killing a man. We could then run into some of the United States ports, as we have an old navigator among our number, or we would land on some rock, in preference to being here."

This conversation was overheard by a man, who straightway informed the Captain, that a party was being organized on board to take the ship. For this important information to the Captain, this person expected to be liberated and rewarded; but instead of it, he was hated by those he intended to betray, and despised by the whole ship's crew, for his story proved to be false. We were, however, all ordered to the middle deck by the officers, and the hatches closed upon us immediately; diligent search was made for weapons of destruction, but none being found, and no signs of mutiny appearing, we were again liberated, and our informer severely reprimanded. But in order to intimidate us, the sentries in the hatches were more severe towards the prisoners, keeping them at a greater distance by flourishing their swords, and for a while every sailor and marine kept their arms of defence about them.

One day the pistol of one of the sentries accidentally went off as he was sitting on his post by the hatchway below, and the ball passed between Lysander Curtis and Robert Marsh, who were seated by me on a bench conversing together, but no one was hurt. In a moment the officers were all below to see what had happened, supposing that the sentry must have had occasion to shoot a man, but in this they were happily disappointed.

The first and only port we stopped at during the voyage was Rio Janerio, in South America. The time of our being there I have forgotten, but recollect they were making a great show and rumpus in celebrating the birth-day of the Emperor of Brazil.—There seemed to be a good harbor here, and the view we had of the town, from where we were at anchor, was delightful. A respectable fleet of shipping was lying there; every civilized nation seemed to be represented there by their flag, and among them all, none showed to better advantage than the stars and stripes of our own beloved country. We wrote letters home from here, and sent them ashore to be forwarded; mine was never received by my family. Those of the prisoners who had money, sent up to the town and bought oranges, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, &c. A British Admiral came on board our ship, inquired as to the health of the prisoners, and said we should have vegetables and fresh provisions while we remained. We lay at Rio Janeiro three days, took on water and provisions, and then proceeded again to our unknown haven.

We suffered much from heat and thirst while we were sailing

between the tropics, and the water on board getting short, we were put upon an allowance of one and a half pints per day. After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and entering the Indian Ocean, our convictions were strong that we were bound for Van Dieman's Land, and soon after, our suspicions were confirmed by the sentries telling us that that would be the end of our voyage.

On the 10th of February, 1840, after a voyage of four and a half months from Quebec, we came in sight of the Island, but the wind blowing strong from the shore, we could not enter the mouth of the river till the 12th, when we sailed up the Derwent thirty miles, and cast anchor in Hobart Town Bay. This bay we found to be a calm and safe place for ships to ride. We knew it was know mid-winter in the United States, and it appeared a little singular to see the sun to the north of us, and the people harvesting grain on the banks of the Derwent.

On the 13th, we were visited, on board the *Buffalo*, by Mr. Gunn, the Chief Police Magistrate, who registered all of our names, occupations, and former places of residence; and on the 14th, we were sent on shore to a place called Sandy Bay, about three-fourths of a mile from Hobart Town.

Thus we finally found ourselves again on *terra firma*, on the celebrated as well as notorious Van Dieman's Island; situated as I should think, without consulting geographers, on the very south-eastern outskirts of habitable creation.

This island was discovered by a Dutch navigator, in 1641, and was named Van Dieman's Land in honor of Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Dutch East India. Its discoverer described this island in so graphic and singular a manner, that future navigators were afraid to pay it a visitation for many years, and little was known of it till Capt. Cook sailed round it during the last century. A spot of earth, "accursed in the sight of the mariner, when the winds roared and raged; where waves foamed and lashed and where DUNDER AND BLIXUM growled and flashed incessantly—a land of storm, fire and tempest—a coast rife with death, horror and shipwreck," would not be likely to hold out many inducements to those who could find a home elsewhere. In 1804, the penal colony of Botany Bay made choice of it as "a station for the condign punishment of their doubly convicted felons."

We are told that Rome owed its greatness to the asylum it first offered to fugitives, vagabonds, outlaws, and culprits of all other countries. These, at Rome, became lawful citizens; and we are sure, that at no time, could Rome show a more desperate crowd of ruffians, than has constituted the convict population of Van Dieman's Land, since its settlement by the English. Four hundred convicts were sent from Sidney, or Botany Bay, in 1804, under Col. Collins and fifty marines, who landed on the spot now occupied by Hobart Town, and commenced the first settlement on the Island.

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For two or three years, this company was busy in building a jail, a tavern, a soldier's barracks, and a government house; and to this day, these are the most important public institutions on the island, in comparison with which, churches and seminaries of learning, are NON-ESSENTIALS, in perpetuating the supremacy of British rule. The natives found on the island at this time, were in a state of nakedness, covered with filth, having no form of government save the patriarchal, of a short stature, large woolly heads, flat noses like the Africans, high cheek bones like the American Indian, broad face, and of a dark complexion. They have now become nearly extinct.

The island contains about 24,000 square miles—is situated in lat. 41 deg. 20 min. S., and long. 144 deg. 40, and 148 deg. 20, E., and is 150 miles in width and 210 in length, south of New Holland, from which it is separated by Bass Straits. In 1841, the free population of the island, was about 50,000, of which number, 20,000 was transported convicts, who had gained their freedom, and 22,000 convicts, and in 1842, arrangements were made to give an accession of 10,000 both to the free and convict population.—Of the convicts, 7,000 are females. Hobart Town, from the best of my knowledge, contains about 8,000 inhabitants. The principal animal found here by the Colonists, was the Kangaroo. There are several species of snakes, and all that I ever saw, were said to be venomous. Among the birds may be found the parrot, magpie, cockatoo, emu, large black swan, &c. The face of the country is rugged, and not one half of the island can be said to be arable land, and irrigation is necessary to induce a good share of this to yield a tolerable crop. It was the custom of the natives formerly, to set fire to the woods in every part of the Island, during the dry season, which spread with so much rapidity, that it would drive the Kangaroo to points of safety, where they were easily taken by the natives for food, and opossums and other smaller animals could be found in the burnt districts, ready roasted, in quantities sufficient to supply the Islanders with food for a long time. Vegetation does not grow spontaneously to any degree of luxuriance, as four acres of the native soil, will hardly produce weeds and Kangaroo grass, sufficient to support two sheep; and clover and timothy do not grow very well except on land which has been irrigated. Oats and barley are the principal crops relied on by the farmers; wheat being frequently cut off by frosts, though the climate is generally mild throughout the year. Potatoes are blasted in the midland districts, from the same cause, very often, but the other parts of the island supply them in tolerable abundance.

Upon our arrival here, Sir John Franklin was Lieutenant Governor of the Island; he was a very old man, and is known the world over, as being a noted English navigator. He had been employed by the English government in several exploring expeditions, and voyages of discovery. His imbecillity, "that

last infirmity of noble minds," now gave opportunity to the designing members of his cabinet, to govern the affairs of the colony in a manner which suited their caprice. Sir John's "illustrious predecessor" in office, was Sir George Arthur, who was transferred from Van Dieman's Land to the Governor Generalship of Canada. He was the tyrant that signed the death warrants of Van Shultz, Abbey, Woodruff and others, before I left America. He had served in the capacity of Governor of Van Dieman's island, thirteen years; and it is the opinion of all, who were acquainted with his administration here, that Pharaoh of Egypt established a more moderate system of police, and governed the children of Israel with greater lenity, than was manifested by this scourge to the human race, towards his subjects, while clothed with brief, but arbitrary authority. A little may be learned of his cruelty and despotism, where the records of the colony affirm, that during his governorship of thirteen years, he signed FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT death warrants, and only EIGHT of these condemned persons were saved from the gallows, and these were sentenced to toil in irons the remainder of their days, a fate worse than death itself, so that his very acts of royal clemency were but the most aggravated specimens of his cruelty. Many of the citizens could not tell what were the crimes of these victims, for which they were executed; these were secrets with the Governor and his officers.

The gallows on which these fifteen hundred culprits were hung, was erected in sight of Arthur's own dwelling, and the hangman generally done up his business early in the morning; and it was no uncommon sight for the citizens of Hobart Town to see a dozen convicts suspended at once, and their dead bodies left dangling the whole day, a spectacle for every eye. His Excellency seemed better to relish a good English breakfast of "beef and porter," after satiating his vision in the morning, by such horrid sights.

Of the six thousand natives who used to live upon this island, the most of them were hunted down and exterminated during his residence there; only about eighty now remain of the whole number, and they are kept as prisoners on a small island in the vicinity. When Sir George was recalled and sent to Canada, his loyal subjects unanimously manifested their AFFECTION by kindling bonfires, firing cannon and guns, and by various other significant demonstrations. On his departure, a delegation was sent to read to him an address, expressive of the unbounded gratitude and pleasure of the citizens, at the termination of his lengthened mal-administration, and the festivity attendant upon this event continued ten successive days and nights. The poor Canadians had occasion to say to their Van Dieman's Land brethren soon after, "though that was sport to you, it was death to us." We believe this modern personification of Dionysius, the tyrant, was transferred from the Governor-Generalship of Canada to Bombay,

in the East Indies; if so, another of the British dependencies can, ere this, add its testimony of his unmollified method of administering governmental affairs.

I will now recur to our landing upon the island. At Sandy Bay we were divested of our thread-bare garments, and enrobed in nice suits of domestic manufacture, got up after the latest improved convict fashion. I should have mentioned that the French prisoners from Lower Canada, were not sent ashore at Van Dieman's Land, but were sent on to serve out their probationship at Sidney, in New South Wales. In the afternoon of the day we landed, Governor Franklin paid us a visit in company with some of his officers. Capt. Wood, of the Buffalo, and Dr. Frazier, our surgeon, were present. The Governor made inquiry of our commander concerning our behavior—if we had caused him any trouble during our passage; to which the captain replied, not in the least instance. Dr. Frazier also gave the Governor a certificate of our unqualified good conduct.

There were four prisoners sent from Canada for some offences, for which they had been tried by the civil authorities, and sentenced, some for a term of years, and some for life. These sentences were now again read to them. Sir John informed us, that we were sent out to the colony, under circumstances without a precedent; that he was not certain what was the pleasure of the home government in disposing of us, and should immediately write to Lord John Russell for instructions; and until he should hear from her Majesty's Secretary on the subject, we must work on the roads. He recommended to us to hold no conversation with the old prisoners, as they were a desperate and hardened class of individuals, and that the term of our servitude would be graduated by our good or bad behavior.

The next morning we were sent out to the different road stations to work out our enormous TAXES. Here, too, we were put upon a rigid course of DIETETICS. Were you to have seen us taking our daily rations, you would have taken us for the tenants of a hospital for the cure of dyspepsia. Our food was uniformly of the lightest kind—not in the least hard of digestion. Sir John, in the plenitude of his benevolence, wished us to expend all our energies in McAdamizing OUR WAYS, not in digesting English luxuries. The following RECIPES will show the compounds made use of to appease our appetites, but it did not always have the desired effect:

Morning—1½ lbs. coarse bread,
2 oz. flour,
1 pint water.

The flour and water were made into gruel, and taken with the bread.

Noon—1lb. mutton,
½ lb potatoes.

The mutton was not considered suitable for us, till the clerks and overseers had appropriated to themselves the pieces which suited their cases; and they were by no means so disinterested, as to make choice of a poor article, while a better one was to be found.

Evening—2 oz. flour,
1 pint water.

This last prescription was again put up in the shape of SKIDDY, or gruel, and taken at leisure before going to bed. If we had any thing in addition to this pint of gruel at night, it would be a slice of bread saved from our morning repast. Two ounces of salt to a man per week, was allowed as a condiment, or for SAUCE to make the foregoing catalogue of eatables more palatable. Our gruel was manufactured like patent medicines, in large quantities at a time, and measured out into pint skids for individual use. I have seen men driven to the necessity of picking up potatoe skins and cabbage leaves, which they would boil and eat to quiet their hunger. Sugar, tea, coffee, and such articles were unknown to us while we were prisoners on the island. The majority of our party had imbibed the habit of using tobacco, but now we were compelled to make a virtue of necessity, and give it up.

The articles of clothing allowed us every six months, were one gray jacket or roundabout, one pair trousers, one striped cotton shirt, and one leather cap. We were entitled to one pair of shoes every four months. A canvass tick, a blanket and a cotton rug, constituted our bedding for two years. Two ounces of soap was given us every week, with the injunction for every man to wash his own shirt Saturday afternoon.

Our employment consisted in leveling down hills, and levelling up valleys, breaking stone and drawing them in hand carts to where they were wanted, for making and mending McAdamized roads. After we had been on the roads about four months, four of our party bolted and left us, with the determination of escaping from the island, but in this they were unsuccessful. They were retaken, tried for absconding, and sentenced and sent to Port Arthur, to spend the remainder of their time.

Port Arthur is situated on a point of land which projects into the sea, some sixty or seventy-five miles S. E. from Hobart Town, and was named in honor of Sir George, that prince of land pirates, whom we have before mentioned, and is known as being the place where some of the forms of cruelty instituted by him are perpetuated. As "doubly convicted offenders" were banished from Sidney to Hobart Town, so those who are guilty of a second offence at Hobart Town are sent to Port Arthur. Where they are sent to from this place, I have never been informed. Perhaps information on this subject could be given, on application to the hangman. The town is situated on a point, which is connected to the main land by a narrow neck, and the escape of prisoners is prevented by chain-

ing large savage dogs so close to each other across the neck, that a man cannot pass between them without being seized and torn in pieces. These dogs are provoked daily to aggravate their ferocious dispositions. The buildings at Port Arthur, are principally massive stone prisons, but I think the prisoners who escaped from us, were not confined in these, but were put to work in the Government garden.

In consequence of these men leaving so abruptly, the remainder of us were sent far or back into the country, to another road station called Lovelybanks. Here we received the hardest fare we experienced on the island. We remained at this place through the winter; our work was a mile and a half from the station, and frequently was it our lot, to return to our huts this distance, through the cold and rain after a day's hard toiling, and have to lay down for the night with our clothes drenched with water, and no fire allowed us to dry them.

Some persons may be of the opinion that we might have escaped from the island, had we possessed an ordinary amount of courage and cunning. But this is an undertaking not often accomplished by the most resolute and untaunted. American vessels frequently stop at Hobart Town, but before they drop anchor they are boarded by a brace of police constables, who remain on board till they sail again. In a few instances sailors have furnished prisoners with a suit of their own clothing, and conveyed them on board unobserved by these officers, and stowed them away in the hold of a ship, and kept them in safety; but it is a common practice where suspicion rests upon a vessel, that she has such BALLAST to fasten down the hatches, and smoke the ship with brimstone, and thus suffocate the prisoner, if on board.

At Lovelybanks, we petitioned the Lieutenant Governor for tickets of leave, for which we were severely reprimanded by the magistrate. A ticket of leave is a permit to work for wages, and to muster every Sunday, that the district Constable may know we have not absconded. The magistrate informed us, if we wished to offer a petition to his Excellency, we must do it individually, but the better way was not to do it at all, jointly or severally.

At this place, two more of our party bolted: they left the hut in the night, unobserved by the watchman, but not by us. They took blankets and a small quantity of provisions with them, and went to the bush. They succeeded in getting into the vicinity of Hobart Town, intending to escape from the island, if possible; but no opportunity presenting itself, they were forced by their sufferings to deliver themselves up to the authorities, and asked permission to return to their work with the party. Their prayer was not granted, however; the Government having greater need of their services at Port Arthur. After being introduced to the severest kind of labor at Port Arthur, one of these men becomes par-

son's clerk, and the other one was sent to a signal station, to tend the telegraph, so that they were finally better off than some of us that remained.

If a convict, sent out from England, or any of her colonies is retaken after bolting, he is sure to have an addition made to his sentence, and be flogged, and obliged to work in irons. But so far as our party were concerned, I never knew of a man's being whipped or compelled to wear irons. One of our party had his shoulder dislocated, and it could not be made to remain in place afterwards, if he had to work. It was so injured that the patient could dislocate or replace it at his option. Whenever the work assigned him was too hard, his shoulder was sure to be out of place. In the spring we were removed from Lovelybanks to a place called Green Ponds, in Brighton district, about twenty miles only, from Hobart Town. I would here remark that the winter months in Van Dieman's Land, are June, July, and August; Spring—Sept., Oct., and Nov., &c.

At Green Ponds, we were placed under the Superintendence of a man by the name of Robert Nutman, a Scotchman. He was familiarly known by that of OLD BOBBY NUTMAN, and his cruelty to the prisoners placed under him, was known throughout the island. We had heard of his whipping men nearly to death, and the old prisoners feared him as they would a tiger; but to us he was the most humane and indulgent overseer we found during our residence on the island. He told us that the murderers, thieves and robbers who had been placed under him heretofore, could not be governed without being flogged; but he thought none the less of us, for being sent there for political offences. He allowed some of our party to be overseers of the rest of us. We did not remain under his administration long, as he returned home, and another took his place. Capt. Askins, the magistrate of that district, was favorably disposed towards us, and allowed our party all the immunities which the nature of his office would permit. He gave us the privilege to work for ourselves every Saturday afternoon, and as it was now harvest time, we could readily get a half dollar each, for our half day's labor. With this we would purchase tobacco, coffee, sugar, tea, &c. But the old prisoners who had tickets of leave, and those who had obtained their freedom, complained to the Chief Police Magistrate, that our party were getting all the work from them, and this privilege was taken from us by his request after a few weeks. It was true that the farmers would employ us in preference to the old prisoners, as long as we had the liberty to work. Capt. Askins visited us frequently, and seemed to take an interest in our welfare, and spoke often of our honesty and good behavior, in comparison with that of other prisoners. Capt. Clark, another old Magistrate, who had been in America would often come to see us, and make inquiries about our country. He told us the North East boundary question, was about being settled by the United States and Great Britain, and gave it as his

opinion, that when that should take place, we should be set at liberty, and could return home.

While we were here, Governor Franklin, in passing by, called to see us, and from the stormy appearance of his old care-worn countenance, we were convinced that he had not come to pardon us. We soon found that some one had again taken the dangerous liberty to petition his Excellency for tickets of leave—whom he knew not, or we either. He called the petition the round robin, which is an instrument with signatures attached to it in a circular form, so that the first or last signer's name cannot be distinguished. He reprimanded us severely on account of the escape of the two prisoners at Lovely banks—told us we could not get off the island—if we attempted it, and fled to the bush, he should order the military force to pursue and take us, and if we offered resistance we would be shot down—if by any means we should be so lucky as to escape from the island and get home to America, he would send there for us, and have us brought back, &c., &c. When he made this last declaration, it completely upset the confidence we had in the rest of his harangue; and satisfied us that his address was manufactured for the "Buncome" market. After listening to this "war speech" from his Excellency, we, one and all, just wished ourselves in America, for the sport of the thing, if nothing else.

In March, 1841, Sir John came again to see us at the Green Ponds, accompanied by his private Secretary and some other officers, and had us arraigned again to listen to another speech. He informed us, that in accordance with the promise made us, when we first arrived at the island, that he had written to Lord John Russell, Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, concerning us, and had now received an answer from his Lordship. He then ordered his Secretary to read Lord John's letter to us, and in this letter his Excellency was instructed to "give those political prisoners any indulgence you may think proper, with the exception of allowing them to return home, to endanger the safety and well being of the North American colonies. By this dispatch we saw that Sir John might, if he was so disposed, give us the liberty of the island, but instead of so doing, he informed us that at the expiration of two years from the time of our landing, we should have tickets of leave for any part of the island, or that we might make choice of any district on the island, and have a ticket for the same. He accordingly kept us ten and a half months longer on the roads, and then granted us the tickets under very arbitrary restrictions. Capt. Wright, our superintendent, who succeeded old Bobby Nutman, was an inhuman, overbearing, unprincipled, incarnate devil,—he worked us incessantly, would not grant us the least favor if he could avoid it, and made his boast that "he would subdue that d—d independent Yankee spirit of ours if possible." If he succeeded in so doing, we have not yet learned the fact. For some trivial offence, he several times reported some of our men to Capt.

Askins, the Magistrate; but of his complaint the captain took no notice. We soon after entered complaint against him, for withholding from us a part of our rations, which charge Capt. A. investigated, and found true, and reprimanded the superintendent, and had our allowance restored.

Wright caused every nook and corner of our huts to be searched, for the purpose of finding a journal which one of our party was keeping, in which he was fearful the journalists would not do him justice. He did not, however, succeed in finding it, and most probably remains ignorant to this day of our actual opinion of his contemptible meanness. Not long after this affair with our superintendent, our party was removed to another road station, at Bridgewater, twelve miles above Hobart Town, on the Derwent. Here we were separated for the first time since landing on the island, into smaller companies of from ten to twenty men each, and sent to different stations to labor, and obliged to work with the old convicts. This we did not like, as we had been cautioned against associating with bad company by the Governor, and now were compelled to disobey orders. The company of twenty to which I belonged, was sent to a station called Brown's river, to work on a new stone prison, which was being built on a high hill, about three fourths of a mile from the Bay. This prison was to have a cell for each of its occupants. From this place we had a delightful view of all the shipping that sailed to and from Hobart Town. It seemed impossible for our new associates to live without stealing. They were locked into their huts nights, and a watchman placed outside. They would frequently climb out at the top of the chimney, and get to the ground unnoticed by the watchman—go to a neighboring potato patch—take what potatoes they could fetch away—return down the chimney, and roast and eat their plunder. If taken in one of these excursions, they were sure to get a flogging, and be put to hard service in irons. I have known prisoners receive the sentence of "three months hard labor in irons," for the justifiable offence of stealing a few potatoes from a patch, to get rid of starvation.

BOLTING was of frequent occurrence at this station. I recollect seven that left in one day. These were taken and brought back in a short time, and some of them received as many as seventy-five lashes, and were sent to the coal mines for twelve months. Three men at one time left the station, one of whom had been a regular in the British service in Canada. They stole some meat; then went to a mill in the vicinity, and took a quantity of flour; and then KIDNAPPED a donkey to carry their plunder. The Constables captured them in the night, as they were busy in the woods cooking their provisions, and upon examination, it was found that the flour, meat, donkey and all belonged to the magistrate before whom they were arraigned. They were, of course, "dealt with as the law directs."

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It was a common thing, on Saturday afternoon, when we went to the beach to do our washing, to catch a few craw and other kinds of fish, which we would cook and eat after our return. When this was found out, it was strictly forbidden; we were told to eat nothing that Providence should offer us, unless it was first sanctioned by the British government.

On the 13th of February, 1842, Mr. Skein, the superintendent, told us to make choice of any one of six districts which he might mention, and the Governor would give us a ticket of leave for the same. This was not in accordance with the promise made us by the Governor at Green Ponds, that we should have tickets for any part of the island. The six districts given us to choose from were all situated back in the country, that we might not get to Hobart Town, or any other seaport, and escape from the island. Oatland, Campbelltown, Bothwell, Hamilton, Fingal and Swanport were the districts assigned us to select from. Some of us preferred one, and some another; and on the 15th, we went to the chief police magistrate in Hobart Town and took our tickets.

We received our tickets sooner than prisoners in general; their own convicts have to work on the road two years, and are then LOANED to the settlers for a number of years more, according to the nature of their sentence. We were sent out into the country immediately, and soon found that a ticket of leave was a MAGNA CHARTA on a very small scale; and that we held our liberty by a very precarious tenure; for, upon the slightest provocation, the almighty little country magistrate would wrest it from us. I believe that none of the American patriots, however, were so unlucky as to loose their tickets.

Now, when we were permitted to work for ourselves, wages had become very low, and our party generally found it difficult to get steady employment. In 1843—4, a good ticket-of-leave man could get no more than a dollar and a half per week, unless he was a mechanic; if so, he might get a dollar a day, and board himself. Fifteen of our party concluded to join hands and work a farm, and were invited by an old gentleman and his son, of the name of Kermode, to take a farm of three hundred acres, of good land, to sow to wheat and oats. The old man was a member of the Governor's council. The farm was situated in the Oatland district—the owner was to furnish teams to do the work, and provide provisions for us at a fair price. We accordingly took the farm, and in a few weeks had the surface of it nearly covered over with seed. At this time we had to pay six English shillings per bushel for seed wheat, and three for oats. Our crop proved to be a very good one; only about fifteen acres of the wheat was injured by the frost; and on the 10th day of December, 1842, we commenced harvesting. We were engaged ten and a half weeks in cutting and putting into shocks our three hundred acres of grain, during which time we had but one slight shower of rain.

We drew it to a threshing machine, in the vicinity, which was impelled by water power, and had it threshed and cleaned; and on measurement we found that for the labor we had expended in cultivating the FACE of "mother earth," during the summer, she had yielded us an income of three thousand bushels of wheat, and a little over three thousand bushels of oats.

There was now one serious drawback to our prosperity, and that was, while our wheat and oats had been GROWING UP, prices had been GROWING DOWN HILL. Three shillings per bushel for wheat, and one shilling and sixpence for oats, or just one half of what we paid for seed, was all we could get for our stock on hand; and after deducting our expenditures, we had about ten pounds a piece, English currency, left; and as our tickets prevented our being fed at the public crib, or clothed at government expense, we soon found ways and means by which to rid ourselves of the whole of our cash capital, as well as stock in trade.

In speaking of the natural history of Van Diemau's Land, I omitted to speak of one animal, more savage, and feared, than all others put together, that have ever been found. It is nothing more nor less than a species of the degenerate tribe of MAN, and is known throughout the eastern world by the name of BUSHRANGER. This class of beings were first found to infest the island during the administration of Sir George Arthur, and were indebted for their origin to the rigor and cruelty with which this tyrant reigned over his fellow man. They had been imported convicts, who, after suffering all the forms of punishment which the inventive genius of Sir George could contrive, were driven to desperation, and took refuge in the BUSH or woods, and assumed and maintained the character of robbers, murderers, &c. These desperadoes, when they are driven to the necessity of BOLTING, or breaking loose from the restraints of slavery, and joining the standard of the Rangers, are ripe for any deeds of daring that may offer.

The free population of the island are thinly scattered over the country, generally several miles apart, or wherever good land and water may be found. After a colony had been planted on the island, the home Government offered great inducements to emigrants to turn their attention in that direction. They wished a part of the wealth of England, which was continually going out to foreign countries, to be deposited here, and offered an acre of land, selected by the settlers at will, for every pound sterling, in money or property brought on to the island. This had a tendency to make large land owners of persons, who possessed but a moderate fortune in the mother country; and it was no uncommon thing to see the farms of single individuals containing ten, twenty, thirty and even as many as fifty thousand acres of land. On these farms might be seen from five to fifteen thousand sheep, five or fifteen hundred head of horned cattle, and from two to five

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or seven hundred horses. Such a division of property created an aristocracy but little inferior to the same article found in England. And this made it easy for the Bushranger to carry on his predatory operations with the greater safety.

These men are equipped with fire-arms, and knives, and as a general thing, go in companies of two or three only, and lay in the woods, or on some neighboring hill, during the day, to ascertain the strength of the farmer's forces, and watch their operations. In the evening, when they have made choice of an individual on whom to bestow a special call, they sally forth with guns loaded with double charges—rush into the farm-house; and if there is no particular demonstration of resistance on the part of the inmates, one of the Rangers proceeds to secure the farmer and his household, by tying their hands behind them and putting them all into one room together, where an armed guard is placed over them. Then the house is thoroughly searched for money, watches, clothing, guns, ammunition, provisions, and other valuables and necessities; and though, from the urgency of their business, their calls are necessarily short, still they make a clean sweep. If they find more of this world's goods than they can handily carry off, they compel one of the occupants of the house to assist in conveying it into the bush, when he is allowed to return in safety. When they decamp from the premises, they leave their prisoners to-unloose themselves according to the best of their ability. Sometimes they take horses from the stable for the purpose of transporting their TRAPS, SHINERS, YELLOW BOYS, and BUNT RAGS into the country, and then let them go to return home. It is seldom, or never, that they kill a man, unless war is declared at the door by the party feeling himself aggrieved. At such times they stand for the rights granted to persons in all civilized countries, of fighting in self defence. The interior of the island is mountainous, and they generally select some cavern on the hill side, far back from the retreats of the settlers, as a secure place of deposit. When they do commit a murder, the government offers a reward for their heads; and any convict who shall take them, can have the reward, a free pardon, and a passage to England. When robberies are committed, the district constables are put upon the track, with instructions to continue the chase till the Rangers are brought in. This keeps a good many of these petty functionaries in active service, during the greater part of their term of office. But the Bushrangers are caught almost daily, and new accessions are made to their numbers as often, and on the whole their ranks are increased rather than diminished. The military and ticket-of-leave men are frequently called out to hunt them. Mr. Gunn, the chief police magistrate of the island, had but one arm, the other having been shot away by a Bushranger many years ago. I recollect that one day, two of these bandits, of the names of Jeffreys and Conally, were seen by a constable

to enter a hut ; and he thought it would be both sportive and profitable to take them alone, as a bounty had been offered for their arrest. The constable, whose name was Ward, rushed in upon them, seized one and threw him upon the floor, and was strangling him, when the other, at the urgent cries of his friend, stepped up and ordered Ward to let up his comrade, or he would shoot him. To this Ward replied, he would never release his hold till he was secure, or as long as he had breath. The Ranger then placed the muzzle of his gun to Ward's head, and blew his brains out.— They then fled, and left Ward on the floor, a horrible spectacle to behold. A reward of one hundred pounds, free pardon, and passage to England, was immediately offered for these two persons, whether taken dead or alive. They were hunted day and night, and were finally taken by two of our party, in company with a few constables. The reward was equally divided among them, and our men returned home to America in safety, by way of England. The Bushrangers were tried and executed.

There are some of the Rangers who will rob a ticket-of-leave man as soon as any other individual ; but as a common thing, they leave such unmolested, and pay special attention to the rich settlers only. A constable and a Bushranger happened to come within a few rods of each other one day, without the one discovering the other. They both raised their guns to shoot at the same moment. Here they stood eyeing each other, neither daring to pull trigger. The constable told him if he would lay down his gun, he should not be shot. The Ranger concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and consented to capitulate.— Upon subsequent examination, it was found that the constable's gun was not loaded, but its MORAL effect on the robber was the same.

Three men, named Cavenagh, Cash and Jones, became celebrated as gallant intrepid and generous Bushrangers throughout the country—the two former Irishmen, the latter an Englishman. They were never known to offer an incivility to a female, or rob a ticket-of-leave man or any other prisoner. It was however no uncommon thing for them to stop a stage coach, and ask the passengers to "fork over" their watches, money, jewelry and clothing. If they hesitated about delivering the latter, from modesty or other cause, then the generous scoundrels would propose to exchange coats, pants, &c. They would commit a robbery one night, and the next be heard of forty or fifty miles distant. One evening they called at a tavern, and drove the company into one room. Cavenagh watched at the door, Cash guarded the family, while Jones, being light fingered, was set to "weeding." The landlord told them his "better half" was sick in one of the chambers. They assured him that his wife should not be disturbed. Having finished their business, they bid him good night ; but had not proceeded far before soldiers and constables were after them.

A few shots were exchanged, but it being dark, the Rangers escaped with their booty. Nothing delighted them more than to rob the Magistrate's house. At one time, a notice made its appearance in the newspapers, like this :

"The undersigned respectfully solicits the attendance of the Lieut. Governor, his Private Secretary, Chief Police Magistrate and other officers, at Park Hill on a certain day, at eight o'clock P. M., to take supper. There will be a band of police constables in attendance, that no harm may result.

Your humble servant when taken,

(Signed,)

MARTIN CASH."

These three noted individuals had once made their escape from Port Arthur. While prisoners, they practiced various athletic exercises, such as jumping, running and wrestling, and thus prepared themselves for hardships. They were strong and well built. Like others of their profession, after filling their age "with deeds and not with lingering years," they were finally overtaken by justice. I think the last of their performances came off at the house of Capt. Horton, a British officer, who resided in Campbelltown district. They had been watching the movements of "men and things" about the Captain's house through the day, and at night pounced upon it. They sprung to the back kitchen, secured all the servants, and then hastened round towards the front door. As they were making for this, they discovered the steward running to get in ahead of them. Jones called to him to stop, but the steward not obeying, Jones fired and wounded him, but not mortally. They all three now rushed into the house so suddenly that Capt. Horton was not prepared to give them a WARM RECEPTION. They ordered him to stand and be tied, to which the Captain was not disposed to submit. Cash threatened to shoot him, if he did not ; to which the Captain replied, "I am perhaps as ready to die as you are !" Upon hearing this brave reply, Cavenagh raised his hand and ordered Cash not to fire. They now inquired for Mrs. Horton, and were informed that she was not at home. As they had heard some one raising a window when they entered the house, Cash inquired of the Captain if his wife had gone to notify the police ? Their suspicions proved to be well founded—she had jumped out of the window—ran about half a mile to the nearest neighbor—gave the alarm—and in thirty minutes fifty men surrounded the house ; but the Bushrangers had slipped out a moment before. They were pursued—but in vain. They got but little money this time, with one watch and a gun. Another reward was now offered for their apprehension, together with a free pardon, and passage to England. It was supposed they must have great quantities of watches, money, guns, pistols, jewelry and other valuables in deposit, but where this depot was located never came to light. It was long before the slightest trace of their whereabouts could be ascertained. At length Cavenagh was found, badly wounded, at a shepherd's hut, far back in the woods. Cash had a

wife, who had left him some time before this, and had gone to Hobart Town to live. He now was fully determined to go and see her, regardless of what might follow. He and Jones accordingly left their hiding place, and went into Hobart Town.

Many of the Constables here knew Martin Cash as an old offender, and he had been so particularly described in the newspapers, that any one who had read them, could easily pick him out. He changed his clothing every day, but he had not been there long, before he was recognized, and the name of such a notorious individual was enough to create a general alarm. Jones dodged the police and made his escape from the town. He wandered about for a few weeks, and was then taken after being shot in the face. He was tried and executed for shooting Captain Horton's steward. Cash finding himself the "observed of all observers," started to run from his pursuers—he could easily outstrip any of them, but found it impossible to escape, where they met him at every corner. He was armed at every point, and when he found himself completely surrounded, he bade them stand off or suffer the consequence. He shot one man, a Constable, for disobeying his order, and broke away once more from the crowd. He was soon after surrounded again, and compelled to surrender.—He and Cavenagh were now tried, and sentenced to the Norfolk islands for life. I think it is to these islands they send the "doubly convicted felons" of Port Arthur. From these, I never heard that there was an appeal. Thus ends the short and melancholy history of these three convicts. Nature intended them for a nobler sphere of action; but by indulging their vicious propensities so freely, they finally brought upon themselves temporal and eternal infamy.

I have now but little more to say concerning the remainder of my stay at Van Dieman's Land. In 1843-4, the American prisoners found it difficult to get work, and prices were very low.—On the 12th of October, 1844, I received the joyful news that my free pardon had been granted; and what heightened my joy was, that twenty-eight others, American prisoners, were liberated with me. The names of those pardoned at this time, were, Chancery Sheldon, Luther Darby, Nathan Whiting, Samuel Snow, John Gilman, Ira Polly, Nelson Griggs, Gideon Goodrich, Edward A. Wilson, Daniel D. Heustis, John Cronkhite, John Thomas, Elizur Stevens, Leonard Delano, Joseph Thompson, James D. Ferro, Henry V. Barnum, Robert Marsh, George Brown, Elon F. I-l-lows, David House, Jerry Griggs, Bemis Woodbury, John Swansburgh, John Grant, Orin W. Smith, Hiram Sharp, Emmanuel Garrison, and Alvin B. Sweet. We are informed that Mr. Bicheno, the Colonial Secretary, received the above names from Mr. Everett, the American Minister at the Court of London. Mr. Bicheno informed Mr. Hathaway, the American Consul at Hobart Town, on the arrival of Mr. Everett's letter; and in a week we

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were cited to appear at the police office, where our parchment of freedom awaited us. And now, that we were at liberty to leave this country, to which none of us had formed attachments that would cause pain in dissolving, our anxiety to find a passage home increased daily. We waited impatiently two long months, before an American vessel made its appearance. On the 15th of January, 1845, the Steiglitz, Capt. Selah Youngs, an American whaler from Sagharbor, N. Y., came up to Hobart Town to repair. We soon formed an acquaintance with the Captain, and entered into a negotiation for a passage to some other part of the world. He left fourteen of his own men at Hobart Town, on account of their bad conduct on the voyage out, and agreed to take twenty-five of us on board, when he should get ready to sail. He was bound to the North-West coast of America for whales, but told us if he should fall in with a ship homeward bound, he would get us aboard; if not, leave us in Otaheite, one of the Society islands in the South Pacific ocean. He was fitted for a three years cruise. The Captain was one of the most kind and obliging men, and we readily consented to sail with him. On Monday evening, the 27th, the repairs on ship-board being completed, we left the land with thankful hearts. On the 28th, our ship broke ground, and anchored again, and on the 29th, the sails were unfurled to the breeze, and we proceeded down the river. And now that we were so rapidly leaving the shores of this far famed island, after a residence upon it of five years, we could say with emphasis—

Farewell, Van Dieman, ruin's gate,
With joy we leave thy shore;
And fondly hope our wretched fate,
Will drive us there no more.

We had seen misery in all of its varied forms; we had seen how prone man is to tyrannize over his brother, when clothed with "brief authority," and we had learned to cherish the institutions of our own beloved country—our native land. We had thought of the moral influence exerted upon the minds of children of the free population by being associated with, and surrounded by so many of the most vicious human beings the world ever saw; we had in countless instances seen TOTAL DEPRAVITY PERSONIFIED. When we reviewed the scenes we had passed through; the misery we had escaped, and the dangers to which we had been exposed, we could not withhold our prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving. On the 8th of February, off the island of New Zealand, we spoke the ship *Midas* of New Bedford. She had lost her Captain by consumption; the mate was in command. The same day, we passed a few small and dangerous rocks, on which vessels have frequently struck.—On the 11th, the man aloft cried out whale-o. Three boats were lowered immediately, and made directly for this monster of the deep. To us, who had never seen a whale taken, the undertaking seemed hazardous, and we looked on with anxiety.

The sailors pull close along side of the whale, and the steersman throws the iron or harpoon. If it fastens, the whale shoves off, or goes down. The harpoon has a wooden handle, to the end of which, is fastened a rope, which is wound on to a roller in the bow of the boat. If the whale moves faster than they can row, the line is run out—if they gain on him again, it is taken in. If they can pull up to his whaleship a second time, they commence throwing lances into him about the gills. When he spouts blood his doom is sealed, and the prize is secured to the adventurers. Sometimes they go down, and draw out several hundred fathoms of line, and it is sometimes the case that the line has to be cut, to prevent the boats being drawn under. It is no uncommon thing, for boats to be stove in pieces, by the whale in the agonies of death. In the present instance, Capt. Young's boat was upset, and all hands thrown overboard. The mate's boat also, had a hole stove in her bottom, and it was with difficulty she returned to the ship. But they conquered the old fellow—the ship wore away to them, and he was lashed along side for dissection. The workmen now commenced cutting him in pieces. I noticed the skin of the whale was very thin and delicate for so large a monster. The blubber or fat is from six to twelve inches in thickness.—Planks are slung over the sides of the ship for the workmen to stand on, and the gangways into the bulwarks are opened. They do their cutting with spades made for the purpose, with handles from ten to twelve feet in length. They cut a place in the blubber, into which is fastened an iron hook of the size of a man's arm and this is fastened by a tackle into the main-mast, above the main hatches. While the men with the spades are cutting, others at the windlass are raising the hook, and in this way they will in a short time peel up a piece twelve feet in length by six or eight in width. This is raised above deck, over the main hatches, when the hook is cut loose, and it falls with a heavy crash on the deck below, where it is cut into smaller pieces for trying. When the blubber and head is taken off, the carcass is let loose, and serves as food for sharks, who are generally in readiness to help themselves. In this way, a few men, and as many sharks, will use up a large whale in a short time. The head of the right whale contains the common black whale-bone of the markets. The head of the spermaceti whale is valued on account of its ivory teeth. The blubber is placed upon a bench or table, and sliced into thin pieces, with an instrument resembling a carrier's knife, and is then thrown into the boilers. Two or three potash kettles, set in brick arches, built up square, are generally in use for trying the blubber. At each corner of the brick arch there is a large cast iron standard fastened into the deck for the purpose of keeping the try-works steady and firm in their place in all kinds of rough weather. The fire is started under the kettle with wood, after which it is kept up by taking out the SCRAPS with a copper skim-

mer, and using them for fuel. The oil, when separated, is dipped out of the kettles into large copper coolers and from these it is put into barrels and pipes and stowed away below.

A man is aloft at the main-top, and another at the fore-top from morning till night in good weather, to keep lookout for whale. This watch is kept up by TURNS of two hours each. When a SPOUT is discovered, it is duly announced by the cry of whale-o. The inquiry is then made, WHEREAWAY? and the significant answer will be, three points off lee bow, or two points off weather bow, lee beam, weather beam, or right ahead. If right ahead, the ship keeps on her way; if two points weather bow, they brace the yards and keep her up, &c., &c. As soon as the small boats are lowered, a sentinel is sent to the mast head, to watch the movements of the whale. This man has a blue flag, and a stick or wand, with a black ball attached to the end of it to guide the boats to the whale, for the swells of the sea hides him from the pursuers till they are nigh upon him. When the whale is up and spouting the man aloft elevates his flag, and points towards him with his wand, and the crew pull hard at their oars. When he goes down the flag is lowered, and the hands cease rowing lest they might pass him. When he rises and blows again, he may be in an opposite direction, and his location is again pointed out by the man at the mast head. These small boats continue the chase sometimes for miles; a squall may spring up and drive them entirely out of sight of the ship, and night overtake them. In such instances lights are put aloft to direct them back again. If they do not come in, muskets are discharged—if this is not sufficient, the BIG GUN is loaded and fired at short intervals.

On the 20th of March, 1845, we came to one of the Society islands, named Rematura on the chart. The Steiglitz lay off and on during the day, and Captain Youngs and the first mate went ashore with two of the small boats to barter with the natives for fruit and other provisions. The island abounds with cocoa-nuts, oranges, limes, lemons, bananas, taro, yams and other valuable vegetable productions. The officers brought off four boat loads of fruit, vegetables and fowls. The King lives on the island, and he received Captain Young and his men with cordiality, and showed them every attention. The King gave them dinner while they were on shore, and these hardy and rough sailors were not so weather-beaten, but that his Majesty's daughters esteemed it an honor to fan the flies from them while they were eating. There was an American here who served as King's interpreter; his wife was a native of the Sandwich islands. We left this island on the day of our arrival, and on the 23d we arrived at Otaheite, or Tahiti, the largest of the Society cluster of islands. These islands are situated in the South Pacific ocean, between lat. 16 and 18, S., and lon. 149 and 152 W., and were discovered by Capt. Cook in 1769.

Tahiti is about 30 miles long, and 20 in width. The population of this island alone, was estimated by Capt. Cook at 200,000, but it is now said not to exceed 10,000.

On the morning of our arrival the wind died away, and left us outside the harbor in a calm. Capt. Youngs and five or six of his men lowered a small boat and went ashore, leaving us to come up when the breeze should favor us. Several American whale ships were at anchor in the harbor; we also found a French man-of-war here, which had placed the principal town under martial law. The French and natives were expecting to have a *brush*, in consequence of which the American Consul thought it not advisable for us to stop here, as we had anticipated, when we left Van Dieman's Land. After remaining here a short time, we accordingly continued our voyage with Captain Y. to the Sandwich islands. On the 13th April, we crossed the Equator, and on the 23d, we spoke the whaler *Levant* of Sagharbor.

Thursday, the 24th of April, we came in sight of Owhyhee, or Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, and on the 27th we arrived at Honolulu, the port of entry and principal town on the island of Oahu or Woahoo, belonging to the same group. These islands are situated in the North Pacific ocean, between latitude 18 and 23 N., and long. 154 and 160 W., and were also discovered by Captains Cook and King in 1778. It was at Hawaii that Capt. Cook was killed by the natives. They received their name in honor of Lord Sandwich, of the British Admiralty. The population of the whole group was estimated by Capt. King at 400,000, but since that time it has diminished to such an extent, that Ellis, in his "*Tour through Hawaii*" in 1837, only puts it at 150,000, a great diminution of the population. The principal of the Sandwich Islands are Hawaii, containing 4000 square miles, and 85,000 inhabitants; Maui, 600 square miles, and 20,000 inhabitants; Oahu, 520 square miles, and 20,000 inhabitants, and Atooi, 525 square miles, with 10,000 inhabitants. Most of the islands are mountainous and volcanic. On some of them the fire is extinguished, while on others volcanoes are seen in successful operation. The climate is warm, but not unhealthy; the winter being marked only by the prevalence of heavy rains between December and March. The greatest heat during the year does not exceed eighty-eight Fahrenheit, and the least is about sixty. The only species of quadrupeds originally found in these islands, were a small kind of hogs, dogs, and a sort of rat. Since then cattle, sheep, horses, goat, &c., have been sent out and are now found in plenty on most of the islands. An abundance of sea-fowl are found on the coasts, and in the interior a species of parrot, and a kind of woodpecker, with which the images of the gods were formerly adorned. The vegetable productions are taro, or *arum*, yam, bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and strawberry. Oranges, grapes, and other tropical fruits have been introduced and do well.

The situation of the Sandwich islands render them important to vessels navigating the Northern Pacific, partly for repairs and provisions, and partly in commercial respects. After the visit of Vancouver in 1792, they were not much visited for a number of years, except by traders from the United States, who having discovered among them the sandal wood, conveyed large quantities of it to China, where it is burnt in the temple of their gods. The prosecution of the whale fishery on the coast of Japan has greatly enhanced the importance of these islands.

The natives are, in general, rather above the middle stature, well formed, with fine muscular limbs, and open countenance. Their hair is black or brown, and sometimes curly; their complexion a kind of olive, and sometimes a reddish brown. Their language is a dialect of that spoken by the inhabitants of the Society Islands. They are of a mild and gentle disposition, inquisitive and intelligent; but previous to the abolition of their idolatrous religion, the practice of sacrificing human victims prevailed among them. Since their adoption of Christianity they have made no less wonderful progress in the arts of civilized life, than in moral character.

After the last visit of Capt. Cook in 1779, the islands were involved in a series of destructive wars between several rival chiefs, for undivided sovereignty. The result of these struggles was the ascendancy of Tamehameha, chief of Hawaii, a sagacious, enterprising and ambitious prince. He built a navy, and armed his guard in the European manner, fortified his palace with cannon, encouraged commerce, and introduced many mechanical arts among his subjects. On his death in 1819, he was succeeded by his son Rihoriho; and about the same time idolatry was abolished, and their images burnt. During the last year of his reign, Tauai, or Attooi, and Nihau, the only islands of the group, not subdued by Tamehameha, submitted to his government. Rihoriho and his queen died in England in 1824. The present sovereignty of these islands is Kamehameha III.

In 1820, a mission was established at Hawaii by the American Board of Foreign Missions. The first missionaries fortunately arrived just after the abolition of the national idolatry, and their efforts have been attended with great success. Not only have they introduced the arts, customs, and comforts of civilized society among them, but the Christian religion has been embraced by nearly the entire population.

Honolulu contains about 8,000 native inhabitants, together with about 200 or 300 foreigners. The majority of the foreigners are Americans, the rest are English and French, with a few Chinenen, &c.

The natives are very kind to each other, and also to strangers. If friends are separated for a short time, when they next meet, they always embrace and kiss each other. They seldom whip

their own children. When they walk the street they go hand in hand. The foreigners have good houses, and there are several large churches at Honolulu, all of which have bells. The King's church is built of coral rock, is very large and after the fashion of American meeting houses.

During my stay at Honolulu, the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, an American Missionary, preached in the King's Church in the native language. Rev. S. C. Damon, from Conn., preaches at the Bethel in English. I noticed they had a small organ, and good singing at this place. The Rev. Mr. Smith also preaches to a large Church and congregation of natives every Sabbath. He has a good choir of native singers in American style. They use the tunes I had been accustomed to hear in my own country, but sing in their own language. Mr. Smith informed me that under his superintendence, the natives had built the meeting house and finished it.

The United States Government has a Commissioner and also a Consul who reside here. Here is also a large quantity of American Naval Stores, in charge of Lieutenant Stevens, of the Navy. These are necessary to supply our men-of-war, while cruising in the Pacific.

The principal article of food made use of by the natives are taro, and pe'pe, or fish. Taro grows on irrigated lands, and Dr. Judd, an American, first learned the natives how to cultivate it with success. There is a small creek running from the valley back of Honolulu, and in the vicinity of this, the earth is cultivated in patches of the size of our gardens. The dirt is thrown up around the edges of these patches, and the water from the creek is let out upon them. The patch is thrown into hills two feet apart, and the top of the hill is two or three inches above the water that stands between them. The root is then set in these hills, and grows in the shape and to the size of a common beet. The top grows to the height of three feet—has three or four stalks, on the top of which is a single leaf. When the root is full grown, it is pulled and eaten or carried to market, and another set in its stead. In this way, they are kept growing the whole year. The taro is a nutritious and wholesome article of food for foreigners and natives. When boiled and peeled, it is of a light color, having blue spots in it. There are many ways of cooking it. Many of the foreigners boil it, then cut it in slices and fry it, after which it resembles in taste, an old fashioned Yankee short cake. The natives prepare it for food in quite a different way from this. They commonly roast it, take off the outside and then lay it on a rock plank, and beat it to a mass with a stone pestal. This works it into a lump like dough. Then it is put into a calabash that will hold a pail full—water is added, and it is stirred till it becomes thick and ropy like wax. This is called poy by the natives. At meal times the family place themselves on the flag carpet

around this calabash of poy; each one dips in his forefinger to which it fastens, and as it does not require to be chewed, it is soon got along with. They also roast their fish in the fire, after wrapping a cocoa leaf around them. After roasting, they put them on a plate with vinegar, and generally eat them with the poy. Some of the lower classes seem to relish still a *good roasted dog or cat*, occasionally. It has been estimated that a cent and a half a day will pay the board bill of a Sandwich Islander, the year round. The natives of the South Sea Islands generally bear a striking resemblance to each other, and their language is very nearly the same.

There were a few of the natives of New Zealand, and the Marquesas Islands at Honolulu. I noticed they were all *tattooed*. On the island of Hawaii is a volcanic mountain which is now continually belching forth fire and smoke. It had remained dormant for a long time till within a few years. Doctor Judd visited it while it was quiet, in company with a few of the natives. He descended a short distance into the mouth of the crater to investigate its internal structure, and look into the yawning abyss below. While he was in this perilous position, he suddenly felt the mountain to be in agitated motion, and at the same time heard a rumbling noise in the cavern below. The natives who had not ventured in, but stood near by, instantly recognized the alarming indications, and sprung to the relief of the Doctor. They seized him by the collar and drew him out instantly, and the next moment the eruption broke forth, and has continued ever since. Dr. Judd is now Home Secretary to the King.

While at the Sandwich Islands, several American war vessels called at Honolulu. Upon our arrival there we were received by the American residents as brothers. When they were informed that we were Canadian patriots of 1838, and had suffered much and long for being engaged in the cause of liberty, they welcomed us to the shore, and supplied our wants.

The Steiglitz remained here but a short time, and proceeded on her voyage to the N. W. Coast. Seven of our party shipped with Capt. Youngs; three engaged on board the whaler Samuel Robinson, of New Bedford; two went to the Columbia River; two to California, and eleven of us remained at Honolulu. Capt. Youngs saw Capt. Dyke of the whale ship Canton, at Tahita, and informed him that he had twenty-five Canadian patriots on board who were anxious to return home. Capt. Dyke told him that he should return from the North West Coast at the close of the whaling season, and he would call at Honolulu; if any of us were there he would take us aboard. Capt. Dyke accordingly arrived at Oahu about the first of October, 1845, and made immediate inquiry for the Steiglitz men. About this time six more of our party shipped on the Samuel Robinson, and Mr. Sheldon obtained a passage on board the U. S. sloop of war *Levant*, bound for the

west coast of Mexico. Elizur Stevens, Gideon Goodrich, and myself accepted of Capt. Dyke's offer, and took passage on the Canton.

Allthings being ready for the homeward voyage, on the 12th of November, the canvass was spread to the breeze, and we sailed from the harbor of Honolulu. We leisurely made our way across the smooth water of the Pacific, and in a few weeks we found ourselves again in the vicinity of the Society Islands, at one of which Capt. Dyke bartered with the natives for sixteen hogs and a quantity of fowls. Soon after this a tremendous gale overtook us in the night. The wind made sad havoc among the rigging, and the rain descended in torrents. Before morning the fore-top-sail was carried away, but from the dexterity and good management of the officers and crew, all further accidents were prevented. Just as we had doubled Cape Horn, the southern extremity of South America, a second gale struck us, but as old Neptune would have it, it spent its fury *right aft*. With sails close reefed we scudded away before the wind with rail-road speed for six days and nights.

It was in February or mid-summer, when we were off Cape Horn. But this did not prevent our having plenty of cold rain and snow storms, in this high southern latitude. The only port we called at was Bahia, on the Brazil coast. Here we took on wood, water, provisions, &c. Captain Stanhope of Rhode Island, took passage with us from this place, and we weighed anchor, and stood for the U. S. Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the voyage. The first land descried was Montauk Point on Long Island, and after a run of nearly six months from Honolulu, the Canton arrived at New Bedford, on the 2d day of May, 1846.

Thus after seven years and five months absence, were we permitted by a kind Providence, to hail with unspeakable delight, the gladsome shores of free America. I now hastened to Ohio, and not having heard from my wife and children since I left Fort Henry, in 1839, I knew not whether they were dead or alive. I found them in the enjoyment of health, and shall leave the readers to imagine my feelings on being presented to the open arms of an overjoyed family.

In conclusion, I would tender my heartfelt gratitude to all who have relieved my wants, and have contributed to the comfort of my family, while I was separated from them. I have been necessarily restrained from doing justice to a description of the countries which have come under my view, and the details of my passage home, and residence in the penal colony are but faintly delineated, and I am happy to be informed that some of my brother exiles are preparing for publication since their return, a history which shall embody sketches, anecdotes, and incidents that I have necessarily omitted.

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